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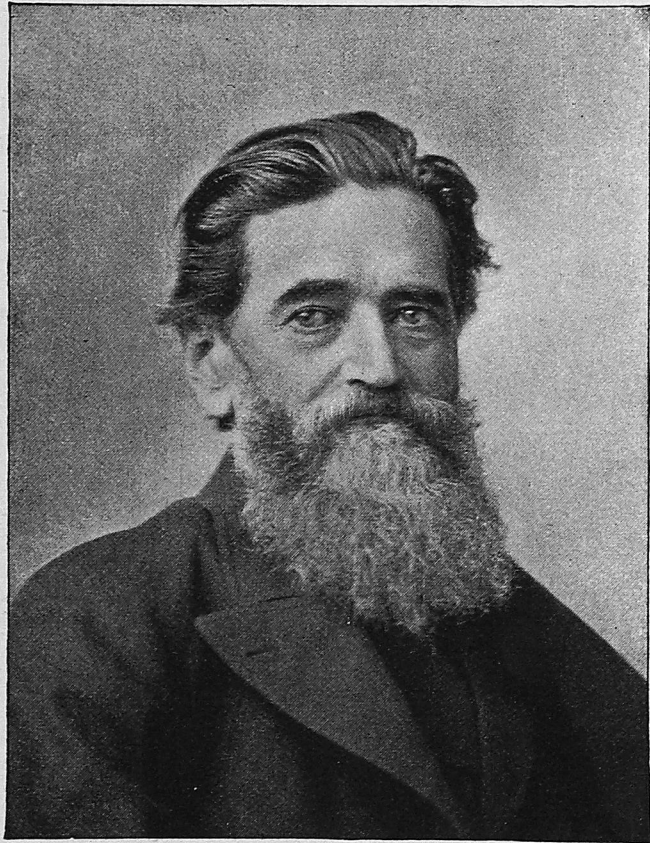
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THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER.

PEN, PENCIL AND PRINT.



UNDER the editorship of Edward Everett Hale and Edwin D. Mead the revived *New England Magazine* has jumped in six months to the very front rank of the illustrated periodicals of the country. Unlike some of its competitors, it does not waste good engraving on maudlin or meaningless letter-press, but every page bears proof of careful editing. The January number presents a rich and varied table of contents. Mr. Hale writes of Christmas in Boston and naturally,



From the *New England Magazine*, December, 1889. Copyrighted by New England Magazine Co., Boston.

LOUIS PRANG.

in the home of Louis Prang, devotes a chapter to Christmas cards, of which he says:

We ought to see how our cards are made. For when one provides for seventy young people at once, one does not always paint the cards for himself. If you will come around with me to Prang's, you will think more highly of "chromos" than you do now. To my notion, the most interesting lion in Boston is Prang's printing house. And when I have a very grand friend—as, for instance, when I had the high-priest of the Zuni nation—I take him there.

The stones used are a particular kind of limestone imported from Bavaria, where the only large quarries of a good quality of this stone are to be found. They are cut into large flat slabs and are carefully polished with pumice before they are ready for use. From these stones the printing is done. A workman first covers the design to be reproduced with a thin sheet of gelatine, and traces upon it the outlines of all the objects in the picture and of the colors. These outlines he then transfers to the zinc plates, and upon each plate all of one color is put in. Thus plate No. 1 has all the blue parts colored. No. 2 has all the yellow parts put in, and so on. A proof is then taken of plate No. 1 and of plate No. 2, then of plates Nos. 1 and 2. Where these colors overlap, green is obtained. This is continued throughout. A proof is taken of each color by itself, and then with the other colors. These proofs are finally tied together, and serve as "guide book" to the color mixer and printer. It often takes months to prepare the plates. And this tells of part of the work necessary to send out one of the dainty colored cards. Millions are sent out from the Prang factory every year, and find their way to all parts of the globe.

All of which is very well, but Mr. Hale could have gone much further, in fact, Louis Prang would himself be a capital subject for a separate article, for it is not too much to say that he has done more to create a popular knowledge and appreciation of what may be called every day art than any other man in America.

Under the title of "Two and a Half Centuries in Guilford," Mr. Charles Leverman writes very entertainingly of the old Connecticut town. Readers who are interested in old colonial furniture will find something worthy of imitation in the sideboard and card table which are reproduced herewith. The second son of the apostle to the Indians, Mr. Eliot, brought down to Guilford, in 1664, a new Harvard diploma and a carved oaken sideboard—the diploma has doubtless vanished, but the sideboard is still

among the family treasures—and was, by vote of the town, domiciled in Mr. Higginson's deserted house and lands, an estate which has remained in the Eliot name from that day to this.

Of Governor Leete, whose card table is sketched, Dr. Leverman says:

One of the most typical of all the clans that have furnished the town of Guilford with its backbone from the days of the fathers until now, is the tribe of Leete. From the time (1639) when William Leete first appears in England in the Whitfield company, bargaining for the kit of tools to be delivered on London Bridge and to be taken to America, his figure fills an ever-widening circle of the canvas. He was a masterful man among his brethren, as neighbor Rossiter discovered. The farm that he secured across a western swamp, not without some murmuring from Rossiter, has borne the name of Leet's Island from that day to this. His half-concealed co-operation with Winthrop in the union of the colonies won for him the censures of the inflexible Davenport, but it testifies to his freedom from the Brahmanic narrowness of the New Haven clique. His political sympathies and his shrewd wit shine out together in his efforts to save the hunted regicides. Pressed by Kellond and Kirk, the royal officers, to own the authority of the second Charles, Governor Leete replied, "We will wait to see if the King will acknowledge us."

Here are some quaint stories about more old Guilford worthies more or less known to fame:

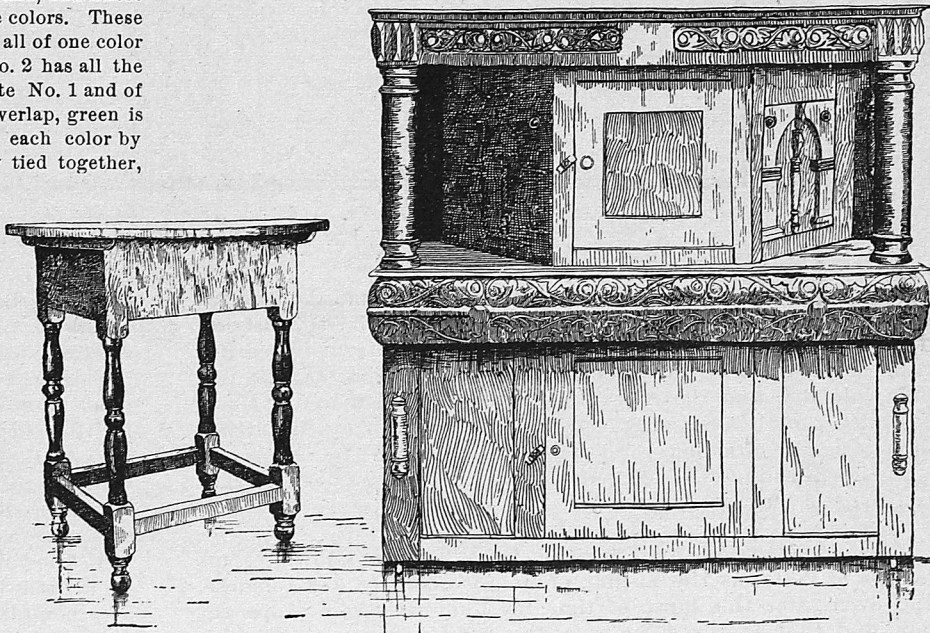
A Madison (East Guilford) minister, Rev. Samuel Fiske (well known in recent war times by his pseudonym, "Dunn Browne") caught the shrewd humor of his people exactly, in his famous prayer—That the Lord would bless the congregation assembled, and the portion of it which was on the way to church, and those who were at home getting ready to come; and that in His infinite patience, He would grant the benediction to those who reached the house of God just in time for that.

Ruth Baldwin was the wife of Joel Barlow, and is said to have spent three months learning to be graceful, so as to be presented at the court of Napoleon; but this is a playful North Guilford thrust at the nice scrupulosity of French manner.

It was in this fortunate age that Guilford blood, sea, earth, and air, all conspired to evolve a poet, the gentle inheritor of Guilford's most refined traditions, Fitz-Greene Halleck. Mary Eliot, Halleck's mother, was fourth in descent from the famous John. His father, Israel Halleck, an active Tory partisan during the Revolution, transmitted to his son not only strongly conservative and monarchical sympathies, but also an instinctive elegance of manners which always gave the poet, in youth and in old age, a bearing unfamiliar to the rude democracy in which he lived. Robert Sedgwick said to him, "You are not from New England?" "I certainly am," replied Halleck, "I am from Connecticut." "Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Sedgwick: "Well, you are the only New Englander that I ever saw in whom the tokens of his origin were not as plain as the mark set upon the forehead of Cain." Fitz-Greene Halleck was born in 1790, in time to feel the force of the contest between aristocratic federalism and insurgent democracy. It is said that he was the favorite pupil of Master Samuel Johnson of the Guilford Johnson blood, a teacher who would be likely to write in characters deep and large upon the boy's impressionable imagination. Johnson was a real "Blue Light Federalist," such as could be found only in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware. "One sultry, hot day in politics, when the country was going to rack and ruin, he set the urchins this copy, 'Demons, demagogues, democrats, and devils.'" Perhaps Halleck copied from that text; at all events in later years he sympathized with its moral. The feeling that moved him to march indignantly out of the hall in the midst of Thackeray's lecture on George IV as a protest against the speaker's ridicule of "the first gentleman in Europe," was no cockney affectation; it was the poet's native chivalry and old-school gentility.

Father and son were less happy in the taste which each, in declining years, displayed for liquid stimulants. It is said that Israel Halleck called the bottle in which he carried his destroyer, "Jeroboam," because "Jeroboam made Israel to sin." It is alleged that "Jeroboam" is still preserved in Guilford as a relic.

The town has two centuries stuffed with traditions, many grave, others gay,



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THE ELIOT SIDEBOARD (1664) AND GOVERNOR LEETE'S CARD-TABLE.

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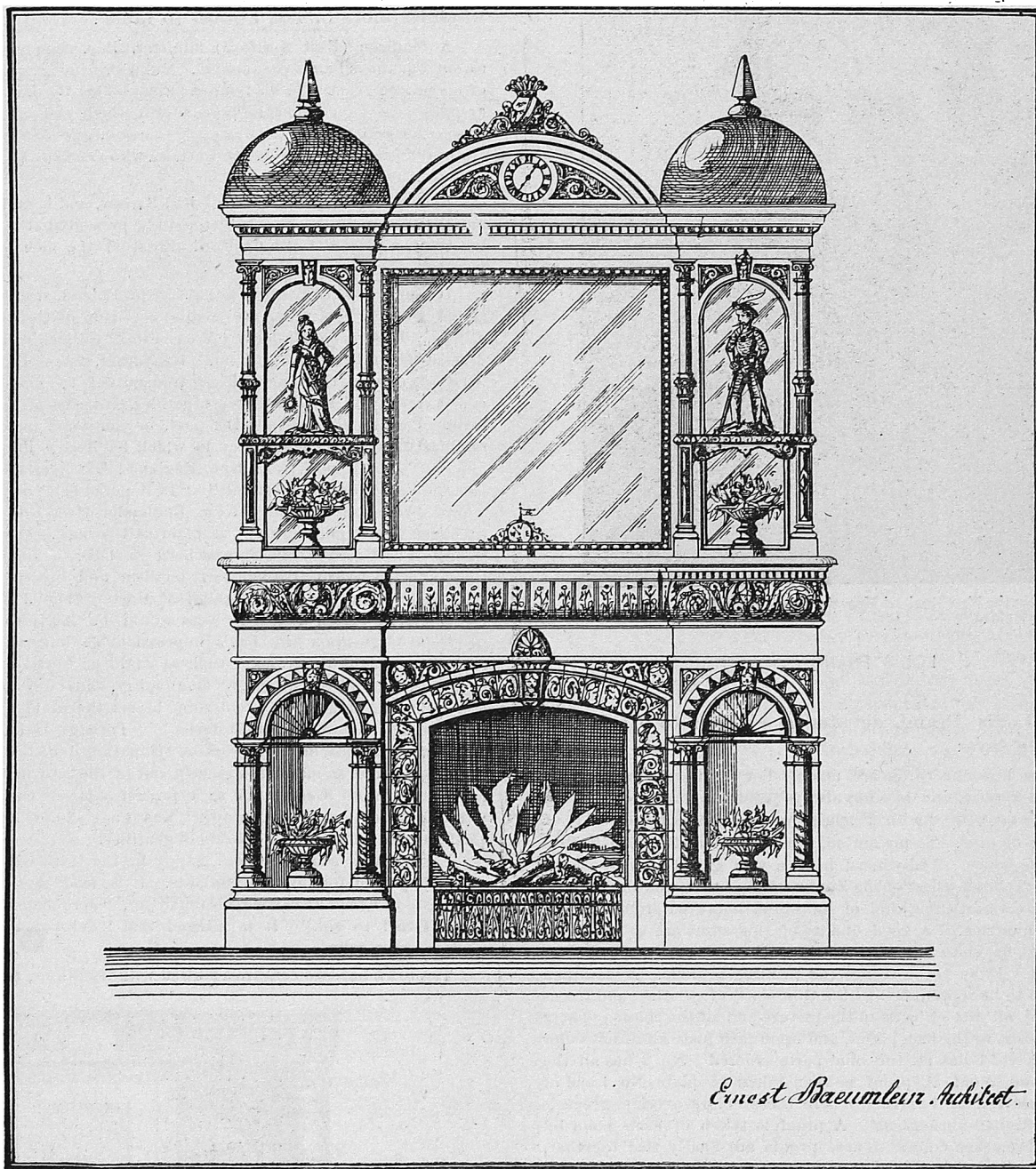
and some indescribable. Guilford chuckles yet over the memory of one of the Scrantons, a male Partington, who inquired at the village lawyer's house for "the Judge of Reprobates;" who said that his son-in-law, a comb-maker, was sure of business "as long as oxen wore combs, and women wore horns; and who asserted that his son, a missionary, had "gone to preach the benighted gospel to the everlastin' heathen.

Some little remembrance of this sort occasioned a ludicrous incident at the recent quarter-millennial celebration. It is reported that the Methodist minister, undoubtedly somewhat wearied by the iteration of the names of Whitfield, Eliot, Ruggles, Baldwin, *et al.*, and by the seeming historical omnipresence of the Pilgrim church, began his prayer with these words of comfort: "O Lord, there hasn't been much said here about us Methodists, but, O Lord, Thou knowest."

It is nothing unusual for newspapers to print very full reports of extraordinary events, but they seldom publish elegant books. The Harrisburg, Pa., *Telegram*, however, has in preparation an elaborate history of the great disaster at Johnstown. to appear shortly in a sumptuous volume. The work will be

from the University Publications." Nothing can afford a more complete interpretation of the aims of the book than the mere mention of its title. The slightest familiarity with academic life is co-existent with a knowledge of the humorous side of an undergraduate course, and in the selection of the contents an effort has been made to conform as closely as possible to the requirements of a volume which should be recognized at once as Yale in tone by Yale men and their friends. It is for the sake of collecting and perpetuating in convenient form, the best humorous articles treating of college customs and topics, that this collection has been published. The forty illustrations have been taken from the *Yale Record*, and the remaining matter from the *Record* and the *Courant*. The edition is limited and is sold only by subscription at \$1.50 per copy. Address, Hunter Wykes, P. O. Box 3447, New York City.

In the whole range of trade literature probably nothing finer



DESIGN FOR MANTEL, BY ERNEST BAUMELEUR.

written by the editor of the paper, from personal knowledge and a thorough acquaintance with the subject and the district. It will embody various features necessarily omitted by earlier publications and be the only accurate description of the terrible calamity that destroyed thousands of human lives. Many portraits and views, engraved by the most eminent artists from original drawings and photographs, will be a special feature. Nothing will be spared to ensure the highest literary and artistic elegance.

Twenty-five years ago Samuel A. York was known to his fellows at Yale as the author of many quaintly dry remarks, and even after this lapse of time his humorous vein crops out now and then in the columns of the daily newspaper of which he is editor. And now comes S. A. Junior—who graduates this year—as the editor of a handsome volume, in blue and gold, entitled "Yale Humor, a Collection of Humorous Selections

has ever been produced that the catalogue just published by Henry C. Squires, the well known dealer in sportsmen's supplies. A royal quarto of 164 pages, superbly printed on heavy plate paper, gilt top, ragged edges, wide margins, bound in white, pale blue and gold, and lavishly illustrated with engravings bearing such signatures as J. Carter Beard, W. Hamilton Gibson, A. B. Frost, Thomas Moran, F. E. Gifford, W. L. Sheppard, Dan Beard, Charles Copeland, J. D. Woodward, W. T. Smedley, Frederick Remington, Harry Fenn, R. Swain Gifford, F. C. Haslam, Gustave Jardin, Vera Shaw, and a score of others equally well known, go to the make up of a superb volume. Beyond its artistic beauty the book possesses an extraordinary interest as a complete compendium of everything of value in the way of sportsmen's implements. Everything of value in the old, and everything that is new is here noted. The cover was designed by G. Harry Squires, under whose supervision the volume was published.